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You might want an account of my latest adventures; which follows.

Some while back, I went to this beach about 2 hrs drive from here. I got ~~up~~ up at 4:30 A.M. so as to ~~get~~ get there when it was deserted. I had been at that beach before, and I found that you could only walk down the beach for less than a quarter mile before coming to a rock which stuck out into the water and which was too steep to climb up. This time I brought a pair of trunks (which I purchased specifically for that purpose) so that I could wade around the rock and see what was on the other side. Well, I found that by a combination of wading and climbing I could get far enough to see a nice rocky beach on the other side of the rock, but the water was too cold (7 A.M., chilly weather) and ~~too~~ deep to get all the way around. So I climbed a steep rocky

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incline and went for a pleasant walk along the tops of the cliffs. This enabled me to see the attractive, deserted beach below; but the cliffs were too high and steep to climb down. However, when I got back, I found that the tide had receded somewhat and the weather was warmer, so, by a combination of climbing and wading, I got around the rock. The water was still numbingly cold, but I only had to go in up to the ~~waste~~ waist, and the exercise kept me warm. I went for a short walk on the beach on the other side, but I couldn't go far, because by this time the day was well along, and I had to get back. However, I found

(i) An Abalone shell, in poor condition, but still impressive. I will send it to you one of these days.

(ii) A cave — which is nothing so amazing; who

was amazing was that I didn't see any scratches or carvings in it!

(iii) I saw a seal, or rather, I saw the hinder $\frac{2}{3}$ of it as it was sliding into the water.

On the way back, I found that I couldn't climb over the rock while carrying the abalone shell, so I had to wade all the way around, which entailed taking off my jacket and shirt and going into that nice cold water up to my neck; which was fun, because it didn't last very long. As a bit of bravado, just to show off in front of all those sissies sitting on the main beach, all those pantywaists who were too chicken to go into the water to get to the other, deserted beach, I went all the way back to the car in just my trunks; right past all those people with their winter coats; with their parkas and mukluks on; past all those guys trotting along after their dog team yelling "mush, you huskies"; past all those squinty-

women saying to their husbands, "Hanook, honey, who's that nut over there?" (Lest I give an exaggerated impression, I should mention that the air wasn't really too cold; maybe 60°; maybe 55°. It was only the water that was really frigid.) probably 60°

On this trip I picked up a few scrapes and scratches — the first of a long series, as you will see. The worst was when my leg hit a bramble running accross the path, when I was walking along the clifftops in my trunks. That took off a fair amount of skin.

Naturally I wanted to come back again to explore that nice beach more extensively. So I did; only this time the tide was higher, and so was the surf, which breaks there amongst a lot of rocks. (It's not the sort of place where you go to swim.) the water was too deep to wade around, so I tried to get around by combined wading and climbing. I got up onto the ledge

alright; the problem was to get down into the water on the other side, which I estimate was perhaps chest or shoulder high. Well, as I said, there was a big surf, and, not having swum for a long time, I underestimated its power. Between waves, I started to climb down very carefully, getting good handholds and footholds on the rock. All the same, when the next wave came, I was surprized to find that I was barely able to hold on. That wave tossed me like a sack of flour. As soon as it receded, I scrambled back up on the ledge again. Although I didn't feel a thing while it was happening, I noticed right afterward that I had acquired several cuts and abrasions, mainly on my hands, from hanging onto the rock. Most of these were minor, but I had a nasty chunk of skin torn out of my left index finger, and I had a welt running about nine inches down my thigh. This welt later turned purple and lumpy. Well, that was all part of the game, so I didn't mind it much; but

I decided I had better not try that experiment again until the tide was down. If I had lost my hold on the cliff, the wave might have bashed me against the rocks and I would have been a good deal more bruised up than I actually was.

I stayed around for a while, waiting for the tide to go out, but I found it was coming in and not going out, so I went home. However, I picked up a peice of seaweed which I took home and ate. It was different from the Japanese seaweed you sent me. It was acceptable, but not very tasty. They say all marine algae (seaweeds, to you) are edible.

The next little trip I took was to an "undeveloped" state park about 2 hrs drive from here. You have to pay 50¢ to get into any regular Calif. state park, which is a crime, so I never go to such places. But since they haven't put the facilities in this place yet, you can just go in there for nothing. It will be ruined when they build it up.

Anyway, I walked along a trail that goes through there for about 3½ hours, then I sat down to eat the hearty lunch which I had brought along. This consisted of 2 cube steaks cut into 3 peices each and divided among 6 hard buns; plus a can of tomato juice, an orange, and a can of grapefruit segments. After lunch I took a short nap. Then I went a certain way down the mountainside to try to get accross a valley that was there. However the slope, which was very steep, consisted of loose, crumbly, but sharp stones, and this kind of slope is very unpleasant to go down, because it is difficult to keep your footing, and if you slip you can lose a lot of skin sliding down the slope over those stones. I slipped once, but I stopped myself right away by grabbing a peice of wood; however, I chipped the skin of my hand in doing so. After I had gone a way down the mountain, I gave it up and went back, because it seemed to go on and on and on down, and I didn't want to have a lot of trouble getting up again. I think maybe I can get to the other side of that valley by wading along a certain stream, which I think I will try another time.

A middle westerner finds the height of some of these hills astonishing

The other day A few days ago after doing my running in the morning, I was walking ba

along the top of a little stone wall, and I guess I have walked along that wall too many times, because I didn't pay attention to what I was doing, and I slipped and fell off it. So I got a series of scrapes running up my shin from the ankle to the knee. So, what with all that, and what with a blister on my foot, and a toenail that has gotten worn down to the quick from rubbing against the top of my shoe, I am currently wearing 12 bandaids, 6 of them on my shin.

The other day I took another trip to the seashore — but a different place this time. At this place the rocks form a lot of nice tidal pools. By turning over rocks in these pools I caught ~~[illegible]~~ two crabs and two small eels, which I brought home and at they were good eating, except that I had a little trouble with the bones in the eels. The crabs tasted just like crab-meat out of a can. Most of the meat is in the claws. There was another, very numerous, species of crab I ~~[illegible]~~ saw there, but they were to small to be worth eating. I also saw several more eels, but they were too small also. I also brought home a different kind of seaweed. This kind has very thin, membranous, translucent leaves, which look like green-tinted cellophane. If you enjoy chewing cellophane, I am sure you would like this seaweed. However, I did not like it. Ted